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of sand carriers fully employed; half a dozen more, to their greater disgust, are given picks and sent to dig out the foundations of the new buildings, and of the remainder some are led to the site for the new huts and put to work to clean up the ground so that the foundations can be marked out, and others given the job of making and puddling mud for the replastering of the present mud buildings.

Now commences a period of unceasing activity on the part of the missionary. There are some seventy workmen employed in four different parts of the mission estate, and, except for the brickmakers who are paid a set price for every thousand bricks, each and every one of them is only too ready to steal away and fold his hands and close his eyes in repose as soon as the boss's back is turned. He, poor harassed man, has become the complete Pooh-Bah of the building industry; he must act as architect, general contractor, storekeeper, clerk of works, foreman, timekeeper and cashier, and at the same time keep the mission running normally. He does not forget his priestly duties, and so he is up long before the dawn to say his Mass and have as much as possible of his Office said before he goes out at 6 a.m. to call the roll and start the men on their day's work. He returns to the house to bolt his breakfast, but before he has finished, there are half a dozen outside clamouring for attention. A wheel has come off a water cart, and the crew, never dreaming of putting it back themselves and finding a nail to hold it in place, but only too happy to have a legitimate excuse to sit down and do nothing, are doing just that. He slaps it back into place on the axle, secures it with a bolt and nut and scares the watermen into actually galoping off towards the river. A brickmaker has broken his mould and that requires a little carpentry and a few new screws. A digger complains that he can't find his shovel, is led firmly to the tool shed and falls over the missing article as he enters the doorway. A crowd of people has gathered at the back of the house and the number is increasing as more people come from the villages carrying poles or hanks of grass rope for sale. Each pole and hank has to be inspected, its value appraised and paid for on the spot.

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paid for on the spot. But the Reverend Pooh-Bah leaves them for the time being and goes off on the first tour of inspection. He meets the sand carriers on their way from the sand pit to the brickfield, and his suspicions are aroused by the easy and jaunty manner in which they are carrying the baskets which should be at least half full of sand. Examination of the first basket reveals just a couple of inches of sand in the bottom. The rest of the girls—for the sand carriers are ladies—don't wait to be inspected, but shrieking with laughter scamper off back to the sand pit where he follows them and ensures that they carry one legitimate load at least. Then having threatened the bearers with all kinds of penalties if they don't bring a proper load each time, he goes off to inspect the bricks. The moulders and their assistants are really putting their backs into it, for the more bricks they make, the more money they will earn, and already there are long double lines of newly made bricks stretching out in front of each man. In one case it is a matter of more haste, less speed, for yesterday's output belonging to one man has gaped and split in the hot sun, a sign that the mud has been badly mixed and the puddling has been scamped. These useless ones are rejected and the number deducted from the culprit's total. The missionary leaves the erring team vehemently arguing the matter among themselves, since a man from the hut-plastering squad comes along to tell him that they are held up for lack of water, and that the water carriers have been gone long enough to have made several journeys. He goes back to the house to get his bicycle, and ignoring the clamour that the pole and rope carriers set up at his appearance, speeds down to the river. The cart is there all right, half-way down the path, but there is no sign of the men who are supposed to be filling the drum. He spots one of them, almost hidden in the tall grass, engaged in washing himself, and a splashing a little further down reveals the presence of the other two happily employed in casting for mud fish. In a remarkably short space of time, however, they have the drum filled and are hastening back to the waiting plasterers, the irate Father grimly bringing up the rear.

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one end of the compound bring Pooh-Bah hurrying from the other to add those of peacemaker and judge to his other roles. Workmen tire of their particular jobs (water carrying is particularly hated) and demand another one. The water-carrying difficulty is not solved until a roster is formed so that everyone except the lordly brickmakers and bricklayers take their turn. Hoes begin to disappear, but that little pastime is effectively put an end to by stopping the price out of the wages of every individual in the squad concerned. After the second one disappears it is found to be too expensive.

Now it is time to fire the kiln. The six tunnels are roughly bricked up on one side and filled with firewood and straw from the other. The fires are lighted at dusk, and once they are kindled must not be allowed to go out until the firing is completed. Soon each fire is blazing merrily, and the draught forcing the fire back through the mass of dry wood and straw quickly turns each tunnel into a roaring cavern of flame. The kiln presents a grand spectacle in the darkness, as great tongues of fire lick out from the openings and billows of smoke from the wood and clouds of steam from the still drying bricks envelop the whole structure. The firing continues on one side for two nights and two days; then that side is bricked up and the other side opened and the process for firing continued for a like period. The interiors of the tunnels are before long glowing white-hot masses of fused brick, and the kiln soon becomes fiercely hot as the flames mount up, searching through each crack and cranny to reach the top of the mass. When the firing is completed, the tunnels are blocked up again, any cracks that have appeared in the walls are plastered over anew and the mass is left to cool down, a process that takes about a week. By now there are sufficient bricks to commence the second kiln and this is built in the same manner as the first. But the priest has noted with concern that the firing of the kiln has consumed far more wood than he had anticipated. The strong north wind which now blows with full force every day has helped on the fires more enthusiastically than he would have liked. He cannot go to the expense of getting more wood from Kodok, and the